

# THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c

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WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1883.

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## THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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of one dollar per square for first insertion, and  
fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.  
Advertisements for "The Spirit of Democracy,"  
at Road Notice, \$3.00.  
Local Notices, per line, first insertion, 10  
cents, and five cents per line for each additional  
week.

## ATTORNEYS.

WM. OKEY & SON,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Will practice in Monroe and adjoining coun-  
ties. Office south of Public Square, formerly  
occupied by Hollister & Okey. Feb. 14/83.

A. J. PEARSON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WOODSFIELD, O.

(Office over Bank of Ohio at Post Office)

WILLIAM H. COOKE,  
Attorney at Law & Notary Public,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office over Ketter & Hoeller's store, S. W.  
corner of Public Square. Nov. 11, 79-11.

G. W. HAMILTON,  
Attorney at Law & Notary Public,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

(Office over Pope & Gaston's Drug Store.)

REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
(Office up stairs in the Court House.)  
NEW MARTINSVILLE, WEST VA.  
Jan. 12/82.

SPRIGGS & DRIGGS,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
And Claim Agents,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office—Up stairs in Court House.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office—Southwest corner Public Square

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Ohio Farmers Fire Insurance Com.  
LEROY, OHIO.

Insures nothing but Farm property. Rates  
lower than those of any other Company doing  
business in this county.

Assets, \$1,000,000.

All losses promptly paid.

JOHN JEFFERS,  
Bellefonte, Ohio.

Nov. 12/82. Agent for Monroe County.

MILLINERY.

New Millinery  
GOODS.

MRS. N. J. CLARK

Keeps constantly on hand

MILLINERY GOODS & FANCY GOODS.

Which are offered at prices to suit the times.

All work entrusted to my care will be  
promptly done. Please call and examine  
Goods and learn prices.

MRS. N. J. CLARK,  
Woodfield, Ohio.

Sept. 14/82.

## PHYSICIANS.

DR. B. DENNIE,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
BEALLSVILLE, OHIO.

Office in the Armstrong property.  
Apr. 30/78.

DR. J. WAY,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
ELM COVE, Washington Tp., Monroe  
County, Ohio.

All calls promptly attended to, during the  
day or night. Feb. 23/83.

DR. JAMES A. MCCOY,  
DENTIST,  
(DENTIST OF COLUMBUS AND WOODS-  
FIELD.)

Makes regular visits to

WOODSFIELD.

Antioch, Grayville, Lebanon, Stafford, Calais,  
and Lewisville. See local notices and posters  
for each trip. All work fully guaranteed.  
First class in every particular. July 1/82.

I. P. FARQUHAR, M. D.

(Formerly of Zanesville, Ohio.)

Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence in the Wallace property,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Having located at the above place, offers his  
Professional services, where he hopes by  
close attention to business in merit public  
confidence and patronage.

Chronic Diseases will receive special  
attention. May 4/78.

Fine Art Marble Works.

JOHN M. EBERLE, Proprietor.

Miltoonsburg, O.



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## Poetry.

### THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

There are whips and tops and pieces of strings,  
There are shoes which the little feet wear;  
There are bits of ribbons and broken rings,  
And tresses of golden hair.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,  
There are toys and models of ships;  
There are books and pictures, all faded and torn,  
Out of the light of the sunny day.

And tucked by the finger tips  
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,  
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul  
Sometimes when I try to pray,  
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers  
That he has not yet taken away.

And I almost think that the Lord can know  
That a mother's heart can love them so.

They wander far in distant climes,  
They perish by fires and flood,  
And their hands are black with the dust  
Of the bottom drawer.

Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,  
She has lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And I think of my children, three,  
My babies that never grew old,  
And how they are waiting and watching for me  
In the city with streets of gold.

Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,  
From sorrow and sin and war,  
And thank my God with falling tears,  
For the things in the bottom drawer.

## Select Story.

### The Three Grandmothers.

"And you would marry this fellow,"  
said Grandma Von Beck von Sarch.

In her bissonnet (that is the only word  
I can think of with which to describe  
them) tones, "if you could?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Gertrude, meek-  
ly but firmly.

"The idea is simply preposterous!"  
declared Grandma Huff's wife.

"Preposterous, indeed!" responded  
the basoon. "More than preposterous—  
disgraceful! A marriage! A common  
working-man's house painter!"

"He is a first-class painter!" timely cor-  
rected Gertrude.

"Which amounts to the same thing,"  
ground the bassoon.

"Haven't you heard?" began Gertrude  
in a low voice.

"He is bringing some Italian in-  
struction now! He is silent, miss  
We'll not hear another word from you.  
And understand distinctly, once and for  
all, that if that person calls here to-  
morrow, which no doubt he will have  
the impudence to do, you are to dis-  
miss him instantly or we will!"

"And endeavor to begin the new  
year," the three grandmothers, in a  
single voice, in a manner fitting the  
descendant of the illustrious General Von  
Beck von Sarch, whose unexampled  
bravery made him and Bergen up-2000  
—the city of his birth—famous not only  
throughout Holland, but the entire  
world, at a time when you were not  
dreamed of."

As for Great-Grand Pecky, she had sat  
softly rocking to and fro in her cushion-  
ed rocker, munching her caraway bis-  
cuits—a store of which she always car-  
ried in a little satchel suspended at her  
side—sleepily regarding the group of  
talkers, and saying not a word.

But that was nothing strange for her.  
She scarcely ever spoke save in mono-  
syllables, and never even in them when  
Madame Von Beck von Sarch and  
Mrs. Huff were laying down the law  
(a favorite occupation of theirs, by-the-  
way, to servants, trades-people, or grand-  
daughters). And the last thing that  
could have occurred to either of the  
law-makers would have been the idea of  
speaking to the old lady for an opinion  
on any subject whatever. It sufficed  
them that she paid without grumbling  
the part of the expenses of the house-  
hold out of the income which was to  
be used for her death, and yet allowed  
them to manage all things pertaining to  
it in their own way.

Gertrude—so named by Madame von  
Beck von Sarch in honor of the saint of  
Bergen up-2000—had been a lost book-  
worm in infancy, and her father having  
been reduced to poverty some time be-  
fore he died by various gentlemanly  
vice, she had been left wholly depend-  
ent upon her three grandmothers.

Of these Great-Grand Pecky was the  
mother of Grandmother Huff, who in  
turn was the mother of Gertrude, and  
Grandmother Huff was the mother of  
Gertrude, while Grandmother Huff was  
the mother of Gertrude.

The bassoon grandmother was at the  
head of the American branch of her  
family (she had been a Von Beck von  
Sarch herself, and had married a cousin  
of the same name)—a family of great  
prowess and many bags of gold in their  
fatherland some century and a half ago.

She was tall, stout and solid, with a  
round face, big black eyes, abundant  
gray hair, and a carriage that immedi-  
ately suggested to the beholder the last  
syllable of her aristocratic name.

The first grandmother, five years her  
junior, was directly heropopite, being  
short, slim and limber, with a sharp-cut  
face, extremely thin, fair hair, and faded  
blue eyes.

Great-Grand Pecky, notwithstanding her  
eighty-three years, was by far the best-  
looking of the three (though she did  
look, I must confess, when munching her  
caraway biscuits, somewhat like a very  
nice meditative old rabbit). Her snowy  
white tresses waved prettily about her  
still dark eyebrows, beneath which beamed  
with a kind, dreamy light her soft  
brown eyes, and a pleasant winter bloom  
lingered on her wrinkled face.

It was from her Gertrude had received  
all the picture-books and sugar-plums,  
almost always bestowed in perfect al-  
lance, that had brightened and sweetened  
her childhood. Grandmother Huff, on the  
other hand, was a family of great  
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hair-brush. But in spite of the lectures  
and lessons and other disagreeable  
things, Gertrude led a happy life with  
her three grandmothers until her eight-  
eenth birthday. From that day  
dated such strict surveillance, so much  
sarcasm, so many reprimands, that even  
the hair-brush-and-lipstick period seemed  
by comparison a regrettable one. And  
all on account of the young man who  
came to fresco the parlor ceilings. A  
handsome young man he was, possessing  
the highly euphonious name of Everdell  
Tremlett. But whether his good looks  
or his romantic name, it seemed to Ger-  
trude that he was a devil in disguise.

And he was a devil in disguise. For he  
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to her until she had succeeded in unfasten-  
ing the heavy chain across it—in reality  
it was just three minutes—and then  
he felt for the key. It was gone! Her  
heart sank within her.

"Poor Everdell," she said, and sadly  
prepared to retrace her steps—not daring  
to try the basement, because the serv-  
ants slept in that part of the house—  
when a faint light appeared above her  
head, and looking up she saw Great-  
grandmother, carrying a lighted candle in  
her hand, coming down the stairs as care-  
fully as she had come herself. "She will  
call the others as soon as she is sure it  
is I," she exclaimed clasping her hands  
in an agony of fear. But Great-  
grandmother came straight on, without a word,  
and she stood beside the frightened girl.